HAVE RACING FEVER

NEW YORK PEOPLE GREATLY INTERESTED IN TURF MATTERS.

There Are Many Tracks Near the Metropolis and the Devotees Are Numbered by the Thousand.

HIGH JINKS AT MORRIS PARK

THE TRACK THERE PATRONIZED BY LEADERS OF SOCIETY.

Men and Women of All Classes Wager Their Money on the Horses—An Interesting Letter.

Staff Correspondence of the Journal.

NEW YORK, June 19.—From early spring until late in the fall New York is greatly interested in horse racing, but it is at just the present time of the year that this interest in turf matters becomes a raging fever, and New York succumbs to the racing madness. With the two greatest horse races of the summer—the Suburban handicap at Sheepshead Bay and the American Derby in Chicago—occurring during the same week, the average New Yorker forgets everything else and devotes himself heart and soul to the fascinating pastime of "trying to pick the winner." In the hotels, cafes and other public places along Broadway one hears scracely anything but race talk these days.

There are now so many big race tracks in the immediate vicinity of the great metropolis that the sport continues uninterruptedly through the greater part of the year, and the uninitiated person might find cause for wonder that, instead of becoming surfeited with the excitement of the racing game, New Yorkers are always pleading for more, like Oliver Twist and his porridge. The season at one track is no sooner at an end than the season at another track begins, so that, with the exception of Sundays, there are no afternoons from early spring until late autumn that horses are not speeding over some New York course, with tremendous crowds of wildly excited men and women to shout and cheer as the beautiful thoroughbreds come tearing down the home stretch past the judges' stand.

It is when the scene of the great turf contests is shifted from Morris Park to the tracks nearest to Manhattan Beach that the interest in racing becomes so general in New York. Morris Park is so essentially a track of fashion that unless one has money enough to journey to the course on a coach or in a cab, and to indulge in an expensive luncheon on the lawn or clubhouse piazza, one might as well give up all thought of having a realy good time. To try to do Morris Park on the cheap plan is like traveling second-class on one of the ocean greyhounds of the American line—you are only in a position to see other people thoroughly enjoying themselves while you yourself feel very much "out of it."

But at Sheepshead and Gravesend a delightful spirit of democracy always prevails. Fashion is there, true enough, with all of its frills and affectations, but everybody else is there, too, and fashion doesn't have everything its own way. Down in the betting ring the clerk from the Broadway department store, who is spending his "afternoon off" and his week's salary at one and the same time, rubs elbows with the millionaire stock broker from Wall street; the best romantic actor on the American stage (or at least such was the case the other afternoon) consults with an Irish comedian from the Bowery over the prospects of a certain "long shot," and up in the grand stand beautiful women in faultless toilets hold anxious conversation with the uniformed betting commissioners—young fellows who act as middlemen between the feminine gamblers and the bookmakers.

EVERYBODY BETS.

Everybody bets—everybody from the school girl who urges her papa to please allow her to "put up her $2 on Africander" to the stern old gentleman in the silk hat and somber black clothes who backs his judgment upon each of the six races of the afternoon with a roll of bank notes. The women are well in evidence in the great grand stand. They "hedge" a great deal in their speculations and use little or no judgment as to the form of the horses, but strange to say, this often results better than if they had been talented in the matter of knowing all about a horse's pedigree and condition. A woman will ofttimes risk her money on a horse whose name has appealed to her fancy and, despite the chuckle of amusement on the part of her male escort, she will pin her faith to the animal until the very last step in the race has been taken.

"I like this horse's name," declared a pretty little woman in the grand stand at Gravesend the other afternoon as she directed her husband's attention to a certain name on her racing programme. "I think he'll win, don't you John?"

No, John didn't think anything of the sort and he didn't understand what in the name of common sense had caused her to bet upon that horse of all the others in the race. The writer, being a newspaper scribe with a penchant for looking into other people's business, discovered that the choice of the little woman was the horse named Bob Murphy—a 12 to 1 shot in the bookmaker's lists.

"Why, don't you know why I like the name, John?" she exclaimed in great surprise. "Have you forgotten dear old Bobby? Don't you remember how good he was to you that time you met him over in Philadel——"

John interrupted at this point. Of course he remembered Bob, but what had Bob to do with this race, he argued. Just because the name of the horse was the same as the name of the man was no sufficient reason that he (John) should "go broke" betting on that horse. Why, there were thousands of Bob Murphys in the world, John said.

But the little woman's mind was made up. She had a five-dollar bill left—she had lost on the previous race, it seemed—and she declared emphatically that nothing in the world could make her wager that $5 on any other horse than Bob Murphy. If John refused to place the money for her down below in the betting ring she would call a betting commissioner and conduct her speculation without her husband's aid. Then followed a five minutes' conversation in low tones between husband and wife. John evidently made a heroic effort to convince his better half of the folly of her ways, but he met with no success, for finally he rose to his feet, a mingled expression of amusement and disgust on his face, and started off to the betting ring. He returned just as the horses were being taken to the post and handed his wife a little card, displaying a pasteboard of his own at the same time.

"There's your Bob Murphy at 60 to 5," he said, with something like a sneer. "I've put up everything I had left on Valour. I've studied the form of this race, and I know just what I'm doing."

And he sat down beside her, well satisfied with himself and supremely conscious of his own superiority.

WIFE WASN'T CRUSHED.

But his wife wasn't crushed. She remarked contentedly that the colors worn by Jockey Martin, who was riding Bob Murphy, formed a lovely combination of which she was awfully fond, and she knew now for a certainty that her choice would win the race. She leaned back happily in her seat and quite calmly awaited the outcome. In the language of the sporting fraternity, there was simply nothing to the race but Bob Murphy all the way. The chances of Valour, the favorite, were ruined at the post by a very poor start, and the 12-to-1 horse—an animal which had been regarded by the careful students of racing form as altogether unlikely to even make a showing—came down the stretch far ahead of all the other contenders for the prize and won easily by four lengths. It was such a complete victory for Bob Murphy from beginning to end that there was not even any excitement while the race was being run. The little woman—the only winner in that section of the grandstand—was soon to be seen folding up a roll of crisp new ten-dollar bills, a bright light dancing in her eyes and a flush on her cheeks. John was tearing up the card which he had valued so highly and saying something in an undertone—doubtless an eloquent eulogy of the Goddess Fortune and her ways.

But if there are many such comedies at the great metropolitan race tracks there are also many little grim dramas of life enacted every afternoon. It is pitiful to see so many men, both young and old, who haunt the race courses day in and day out, the gambling fever driving every other thought from their minds. Nothing unsettles a man for work so much as the excitement of the race track if he insists upon indulging in that excitement too freely. For every man who is lucky in turf speculations there are hundreds who can only win enough from time to time to coax them on and cause them to continue in the almost hopeless struggle for substantial gains.

There is one very old man always to be seen at the Manhattan tracks throughout the summer. He wears a high hat of the kind worn half a century ago and his clothes are of the sort our grandfathers wore. Old New York racegoers say that they cannot remember any racing season that this old fellow was not on hand. He keeps very much to himself and seldom takes any one into his confidence. Where he gets the money to pay his way to the track every afternoon is a mystery, for he seems to be very poor. He always makes just one bet and invariably wagers on the horse against which is laid the heaviest odds by the bookmakers. Of course, it is only upon rare occasions that he wins. It is said that for many years the poor old fellow has been playing his "system," fully expecting to become enormously wealthy.

As a sport, pure and simple, there is nothing finer than horse racing. But the man with little money has no business to allow himself to become a regular patron of the betting ring. Betting on the races is an amusement for men of capital, but is ruination for the man of small means. The New York law under which racing is now conducted was the salvation of the Eastern turf. Through a policy of shrewd dealing, prejudicial in every way to first-class sport, the tracks in New Jersey first debarred the sport and then the State Legislature, unable to reform the existing abuses, made racing illegal. The men who operated the disreputable tracks in New Jersey sought a refuge in New York and endangered racing interests to such an extent that many turfmen were of the opinion that the days of the thoroughbred contests were at an end in the vicinity of the great metropolis. But the law that was accepted by the Jockey Club officials made racing possible and swindling difficult, and the result is that the sport is conducted on higher lines in the East to-day than ever before during its history in this country. The gambling feature does not entirely dominate the sport. It is true that the speculative spirit is as much a part of racing as the training and riding of the horses, but, through excellent management, it has been made a side issue and not the main feature.

COST IS BIG.

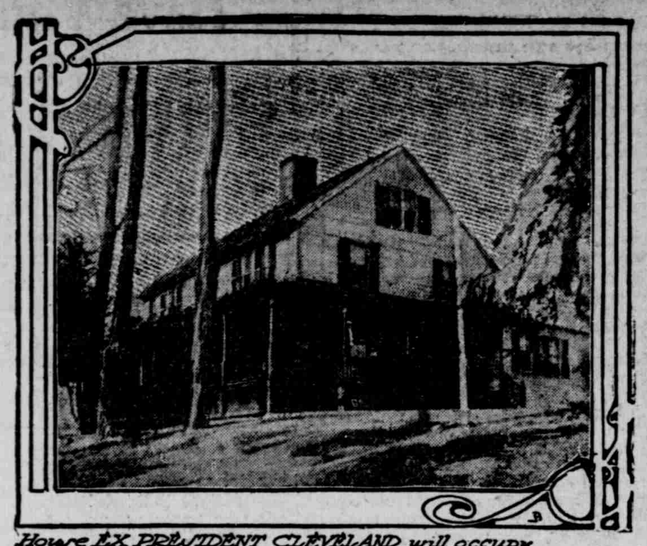
To furnish these exhibitions of animal speed and endurance the cost is inestimable. To reach the exact figures one would be compelled to make a census of the stables, ascertain the cost of every horse, the salaries of trainers, jockeys and stable boys, and to estimate the value of the land upon which the costly tracks are built. Millions are represented—how many only the men who furnish them would be able to tell. The stables of one American millionaire who became a turfman several years ago number at least fifty of the highest class of horses, and each of these animals represents a purchase price of over $5,000. The cost of establishing the breeding farm conducted by this turfman was about $250,000, so that he is interested in the sport to the extent of half a million dollars or more.

The general public seems to appreciate what the wealthy sportsmen have done for horse racing in the East, for the attendance at the metropolitan tracks is enormous, not only upon special ocasions when classic events like the Suburban take place, but every afternoon when the sun is shining and often even in the most disagreeable weather, as has been the case of late.

It is a wonderful spectacle—the great throngs in the grand stand and on the field, and it is a thrilling sensation to hear those two magic words, "They're off!" issue in chorus from thousands of throats. Far across the beautiful green field the horses, close together, seem to be sailing along without touching the track, just as Alice's friend, the Queen, got over the ground in the delightful wonderland book. The jockeys, in their satin blouses and caps of many colors, crouch forward on the graceful necks of the fast-flying thoroughbreds. So rapt has the great crowd become in watching the race that, after the first exclamation, all is silence for a few seconds. Then excited murmurings ripple through the stands and over the green field along the track. As the horses turn into the home stretch the murmurings gradually become one great roar. Men shout wildly the name of the horse they think will win and the women call out hysterically while they wave their handkerchiefs and gloves in the air. Another instant, and, like a flash, the horses rush past the stand, the riders whipping madly, the leader of them all glancing back anxiously over his shoulder. A last burst of speed; the race is lost and won, and the great crowd, having given vent to its various emotions, seems to heave a tremendous sigh.

LOUIS W. JONES.

WHERE GROVER CLEVELAND WILL FISH



House EX PRESIDENT CLEVELAND will occupy in Tyringham, Mass.

Ex-President Cleveland will spend the early part of the summer trout fishing at Tyringham, Mass. The little house that he will occupy will be very comfortable. He will be a neighbor of Richard Watson Gilder, the eminent writer, who will accompany him on many of his fishing excursions.

Why the Ham Is So Salt.

New York Times.

"We are having many complaints about the unusual saltiness of ham, bacon and canned goods this summer," said a West Side butcher, who does a large family trade. I suppose it is the same everywhere else. Standard goods that we have been able to recommend for years are salt as brine now. The packing houses tell us that it is because they are no longer permitted to use the preservatives that got such a raking over the coals after the Spanish war. They simply must pile on the salt or their ham and bacon won't keep. The packers will be obliged to find some way out of the difficulty, or they will have to go out of business altogether. In the trade we are noticing the falling off in orders from hotels and restaurants. No man wants a rasher of bacon or a slice of ham for breakfast if it is going to send him around with a raging thirst all day."

SECRETARY SHAW'S NEW ASSISTANT

Mr. Keep, the new assistant secretary of the treasury, is a wealthy Buffalo lawyer. In addition to his law practice, he has large business interests in Buffalo. He is considered one of the most efficient men who ever held office in the Treasury Department.

WASHINGTON ECONOMIES

STRAITS TO WHICH A YOUNG MAN OF LIMITED SALARY IS PUT.

To Keep Up the Social Pace He Is Forced to Resort to Many Expedients—His Heaviest Expenses.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—There are in Washington any number of young men as under-secretaries and attaches of the various foreign embassies and legations who though drawing small salaries from the government to which they are attached, are compelled to take a hand in the social game, which in Washington, and at the summer resorts, means morning, afternoon and nightly entertainments. In fact, it may be said that such hours as are not taken up in business and in sleeping are devoted to worshipping at the shrine of the goddess Society. Dame fashion requires that certain clothes shall be worn for certain hours of the day and for certain functions. In addition to this, certain social duties must be performed. Out of a number whose social duties are far larger than his income, there is one who says his annual stipend is less than $900 per year, and that he manages the game by a mere matter of economies. His economies are his own secret and unsuspected by the members of the smart set, who nightly invite him to dinner, thereby saving him dollars per. He lives in a lodging house, that, for him, being the cheapest arrangement, and when it is necessary for him to speak of his abode refers to it as his "diggings," which sounds rather well for a "fourth floor hall bedroom back," with the use of a bath two floors below. Such a room in a cheap neighborhood could be procured for $2 per week. This astute man, however, knows the importance of saving time and carfare and pays $3.50 for the privilege of living in the West End, where he is within walking distance of his fashionable friends. His room is so small that it is practically all bed, and a cot bed at that. The rest of the furniture consists of a chiffonier, a washstand and one chair. The landlady, when he took possession, generously offered him a table if he could see any place it could go in, but he couldn't. He makes the chair do table duty instead.

AN INEXPENSIVE BREAKFAST.

The things that go on in his "fourth-floor back" would astonish those who know him. To begin with he gets his own breakfast. His meal consists of coffee and egg—he dispenses with a roll. As he really prefers his coffee without either cream or sugar, it is easily managed by boiling a saucepanful of water over the gas. This water serves the double purpose of cooking the egg and making the coffee without loss of time. The same water is then poured over the coffee grounds in his little French drip pot, and in two minutes he is drinking strong, clear, delicious coffee. His breakfast costs him 4 cents, the gas consumed being at the expense of the unsuspecting landlady. When he doesn't have eggs, he eats biscuits, a tin of which he keeps on hand. At first he was in a quandary as how to dispose of his eggshells so that they should not fall under the sharp eye of the landlady, until he hit upon the idea of doing them up in a wad of paper, ball-shape, and pitching them out of his window, not untidily, into the yard below, but off into space somewhere. Sunday is his busy day in his room. He spends the morning putting his clothes into shape for the week. Always there are buttons to sew on and socks to darn. He knows little about doing either and would scorn the use of a thimble if it occurred to him, so he labors under difficulties, but manages his needle by punching it through against a chair. In his first attempt to mend his socks, he pricked his hand unmercifully, but now darns them over a golf ball and thinks this a brilliant idea. Then—shades of the West End! He washes his socks. This is the only bit of laundry work he attempts. He knows that economical women sometimes wash their handkerchiefs and spread them on the window pane to dry, but such a process does not suit his fastidious taste. In his scheme of things immaculate, well-ironed handkerchiefs are as important as other fresh linen. It's the details that tell.

Next on Sunday's programme is pressing his trousers. At first he tried the plan by putting them under his mattress and sleeping on them to press them, but he didn't like the result. So he bought a little gas stove and flatiron, and, having no table, presses them on a chair. It wasn't exactly a merry jest to accomplish this feat. His chair table drives him to an uncomfortable kneeling posture, and in the beginning he used one of the landlady's towels for an iron-holder and scorched it. The thing made such a beastly smell of burned cloth that a woman in the next room insisted that his place was on fire and he had all he could do to pacify her and prevent her from breaking in. The episode disgusted him, but the pressing had to go on, and he was at his wits' end for something to grip the iron with, when suddenly he espied a libretto which an opera hostess had given him a few nights before. He put it to immediate use. His coats and his waistcoats, as well as his trousers, are carefully inspected in the strong light of his window every Sunday morning, and any suspicion of dust or stain is removed. Equal care is given to his ties. Then he blacks his boots. The polishing, of course, occurs every day, along with his shave and his "tub" and the other requisites of the well-groomed man. By the time all these things are done it is nearly noon, so he arrays himself in apparel suitable for the after-church parade and saunters forth to Connecticut avenue, up which he strolls until he meets some woman he knows, whom he joins to escort home. This invariably leads to an invitation in to lunch. The rest of the day he puts in agreeably making calls and is rarely without a dinner or supper invitation for the evening.

HIS HEAVIEST EXPENSES.

A limited supply of clothing is part of his economy. He gets along on one business suit, one pair of dress trousers, which he wears with both dress coat and dinner coat, a fancy white waistcoat, trousers and waistcoat to wear with his frock coat and a couple of top coats for fall and winter. These are in excellent taste, of finest material and built by a first-class tailor. The little he has is of the best, for he has discovered that there is no economy in cheap things. He is always more or less in debt to his tailor, "as a gentleman should be," but never dunned, for he brings the man trade. His underwear is of good quality and costs half the original price, because he is clever enough to get it at off seasons, when it is marked down. He manages with two pairs of shoes at a time and two hats. His umbrella is irreproachable. Once he bought a cheap one and found it wouldn't roll. His sticks are legion—gifts from admiring feminine friends. His extravagances are as much a part of his scheme as are his economies. He belongs to one of the most exclusive clubs. This is the way of increasing his acquaintance among men. He does not permit himself to indulge in smoking, drinking or gambling, but he is such a good fellow that these sins of omission are not laid up against him. His personal mail goes to the club and is so voluminous, in addition to which liveried men with such frequency leave notes for him, that he is greatly respected by the servants, in spite of the fact that he is a "good thing" in the way of tips.

Flowers and candy as a slight attention to the women who entertain him are extravagances which he very properly calls a judicious investment of capital, for they yield him a steady income in the way of invitations. His popularity as a diner-out grows with each season. Women like to be taken in to dinner with him, because he has the charming faculty of always rising to what is expected. When his dinner partner wants to flirt he more than satisfies her. When she likes to discuss books, theaters, music or ideas he rises superbly to the occasion. He has ideas to spare, and, for the rest, keeps up with plays, music and current literature by reading the criticisms in the papers. He also permits himself to be used by a select few as a "filler in." Many a hostess is distracted by the "regret" at the last moment of an expected guest, and their bachelor earns their undying gratitude by his willingness, when possible, to fill the vacant place. To him there is nothing so tragic as two dinner invitations for the same night. Much that is ludicrous happens to this economist, who has sufficient sense of humor to enjoy jokes on himself. One night, being without a dinner engagement, he went out in search of food. In the window of a cheap restaurant he noticed a man making griddle cakes. They were suggestive of boyhood's happy days and looked appetizing. He went in and ordered some, meaning to try them as a starter, but made his entire dinner of twelve—beguiled into two portions because they were very filling and cheap.

The Sleeping Preacher.

Chicago Post.

Down in Indiana, the birthplace of genius and freaks, there is a certain minister of the gospel, Rev. John Cauffman, who is carried to his church in deep slumber, and while sleeping he rises from his cot, enters the pulpit and preaches discourses of great power. It has been truly said that it is a long worm that has no turning, and in this special instance the pulpit is avenged and demonstrates that the congregation hereafter will not be permitted to enjoy all the naps. This is indeed a remarkable case, though we do not forget the experience of the pagan theologian, Epimenides, who slept fifty years, completely eclipsing Rip Van Winkle, and proving a very creditable second to the Sleeping Beauty. Indeed, somnolent theologians are not so rare as may be thought. Erasmus, recalling the case of Epimenides, remarked that he was lucky enough to wake, and added that many doctors of theology "never do wake up," but often when they are soundly sleeping think they are wide awake. The difference between Epimenides and the modern theologians of the Cauffman type is that the pagan made no intellectual effort during his sleeping period and was content merely to lie at rest and gather strength and inspiration from his dreams. We are too advanced and restless for that, though we suspect that Epimenides was the gainer in the long run—and that his fellow-citizens lost nothing by the enforced idleness. The opposing examples of Epimenides and Cauffman should be duly considered by the Garrett Institute and McCormick Seminary.

WALKING FOR HEALTH.

A Form of Exercise That Will Cure Many Ills.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Walking as a cure for malaria has not been as much exploited as it deserves to be. The malaria sufferer is too apt to sit indoors and brood, or, almost as bad, lie down and doze, when he should be strolling in the fresh air—even in wet weather. Obstinate cases of malaria that have withstood the onslaughts of quinine and sea air and mountain air have yielded to systematic walking, and the best investment for the sufferer from pains and aches, drowsiness, blueness, moods and morbid fancies is a rain coat, or a short, waterproofed skirt and coat, a sensible hat, stout, high-laced boots and featherweight overshoes. Don't wait for the weather to clear or to settle. St. Swithin has put his ban upon us. Wrap up warmly and go out. If you wear flannel next to your skin, protect your feet well and keep your mouth closed. The dampness won't aggravate even rheumatism or a sensitive throat, and the air and exercise will do your nerves and headache and blues a world of good.

Walking as a cure is as great as antitoxin or Dr. Koch's lymph, but it does not seem to be as well known. A man who says he "takes an interest in everything on top o' ground" says that he used to meet almost daily "a very pale, dejected, melancholy-looking young man. He walked along without seeming to notice anybody or anything, and was evidently a desperately sick man. As his clothes were plain, though decent enough, I judged him to be a laboring man of some kind, and felt a great sympathy for his condition. He was evidently not able to work, but looked as if he could not afford to be idle.

"By dint of persevering inquiry among neighborhood policemen I found out that the poor fellow was really in a critical state of health—he had had a sunstroke the year before, and it had left him with some brain affection. Doctors had not been able to help him, but he had learned for himself that his tortured nerves were most quiet when he was walking. So he walked, walked, walked—every day—at least three times a day—often long after nightfall—and all over the city. At home he merely sat silent, brooding, holding his poor tormented head in his hands. No one spoke for fear of distressing or shocking him. A faithful sister supported him by sewing. A pathetic story, isn't it?

"For several years, I am told, this walking man, as the schoolboys called him, kept up his compelled exercise. Then I missed him. Fearing he had died, I again made inquiry, but the new policeman knew nothing of him. The other day—in another part of town—I was rejoiced to see the walking man—hale and hearty—on a street corner chatting with other men. I waited for a chance to speak with him, and he told me that he was sound and well again—walking had cured him."

A Garden of Sentiment.

New York Commercial.

Marion Harland's garden at Sunnybank—her country place at Pompton, among the hills of northern New Jersey—is unique. A walk in this garden is not like a stroll among other flower beds, for the vines and shrubs and plants that constitute its beauty have been gathered in all parts of the world, and each has a story of historic or sentimental interest. The garden has been a gradual development and represents the labor, or at least the attention, of some thirty-five years.

June and July are the months to train climbing roses. The hardy climbing roses are the main reliance. In the North, for free effects, and one of the most artistic uses to which they are adapted is for embowering verandas, balconies and doorways. Other picturesque uses for climbing roses are as a covering for summer houses and canopied walks, for arching gateways or festooned from post to post along driveways, using heavy wires for support. A very pretty effect is secured by training a climbing rose to a substantial post of imposing height, the result being a pillar of roses. The Crimson Rambler is the most satisfactory variety to use for these purposes. Other fine "ramblers" are Psyche, Philadelphia and the Dawson. Dorothy Perkins, a new climber; Cumberland Belle, a new moss rose climber, and climbing Clothilde Soupert will all commend themselves to lovers of roses.

A Good Word for Newspapers.

Leslie's Weekly.

"I never knew a man who was hurt by newspaper publications except men who should have been hurt," was the just comment made by Chief Judge Fitzsimmons, of the New York City Court, in an interview with reference to the absurd libel law recently put upon the statute books of Pennsylvania. "I believe," added Judge Fitzsimmons, "that one reason why our Nation has risen is that our public men have been subject to criticism. Such watchful criticism tends to make public servants careful, and where they do their duty thoroughly they should acquit themselves satisfactorily." In the judge's opinion, all questions of libel and slander may be safely left to the ordinary juries and courts of justice under the general law applying to such offenses, no special and extraordinary statute, such as that enacted in Pennsylvania, being needed. This is undoubtedly the common-sense view of the situation. It is altogether too late in the day for attempts to muzzle the freedom of the press, and laws framed for that purpose are dead as soon as born. In Russia and Turkey they can do such things, but not in America.

Ruined Pianos.

Kansas City Journal.

A reporter at Topeka finds that 312 pianos were destroyed in the North Topeka flood. If these instruments had an average value of $200 the total would amount to $62,400. One thing is certain, not a single piano which passed through the flood will ever be used again. Pianos are commonly regarded as of strong and substantial construction. To look at those which passed through the Topeka flood one would conclude that they were as fragile as a house of cards. Their woodwork is swelled, bulged and split. Their veneering has peeled off like paper from a wet wall. Their internals are warped and twisted out of all semblance to an orderly machine. They have been thrown out in the streets, without an exception, to be hauled away with other rubbish.

JOSEPH A. CANTOR MAY RUN FOR MAYOR

There are strong influences at work in New York city to make Mr. Cantor the next fusion candidate for mayor. He is a Democrat, is now president of the Borough of Manhattan and was for several terms Democratic leader in the State Senate.